Northern Messenger

Rates Inside | Montreal, February 1, 1941. | 78th Year

Too Many Penalties

By Lester Berry

For the Messenger.

ONE thousand pairs of eyes were rivetted on the ice around the Clinton goal. With less than five minutes to go, Clinton, two goals up, were battling to fight off Rokeby's desperate thrusts to score in the first of the three-game series for the inter-college league championship.

Suddenly the puck rebounded off a defence man's leg to Bob Croydon, Clinton's first-string left-winger. Instantly his check, Foulkes, stopped him dead. Letting the puck go, Bob crashed him into the boards.

The referee blew his whistle, waving Bob to the penalty box. Bob raced up to him, protesting wildly. The referee motioned him away, increasing his penalty to five minutes instead of two. Speed Rogers, Clinton's coach, shouted Bob off the ice.

A man up, Rokeby really "turned on the heat." Clinton just couldn't hold them. They scored a goal. Half-a-dozen times they nearly got another. But Clinton, with some good luck, held onto their one-goal lead till the final whistle blew.

"You pretty nearly lost us that game," Speed snapped at Bob in the dressing room. "There was no sense to that last penalty, anyway."

"What about Foulkes?" Bob shot back. "He ought to have got one too. That referee is rotten."

"Foulkes hit you fair and square," Speed disagreed. "If he hadn't I'd have done some protesting myself. You've been drawing too many penalties lately. We might have won this league without a playoff series if you hadn't. Frst thing you know you'll be knocking any player down that looks at you."

"I get goals, don't I?" Bob returned.

"Like you did that last period?" Speed said sarcastically.

"What chance had I for goals with Foulkes hanging onto me like a Siamese twin?" Bob countered.

"All the more reason why you should at least have stayed on the ice. You'll soon be off the ice more than you're on it. And no player is any good to a team when he's off the ice."

Bob shrugged his shoulders. Speed saw him as he turned. He stopped and confronted Bob again, his face set. "You'd better watch you aren't out of the game altogehter before this series ends," he drilled.

Bob watched him walk away. Speed was again threatening to set him down like he'd done before. But he hadn't then, and he wouldn't this time, Bob told himself. And the fact that his name was on the line-up for the second game proved it.

Swift end-to-end rushes marked the opening minutes of the game, each team after the all-important first goal. Rokeby got it. Then Bob brought the fans to their feet by scoring on a pass from a teammate. After that, Foulkes again camped on his trail. The second time he stopped Bob, Bob roughed him and drew a penalty.

Before Bob returned to the ice, Rokeby had once more taken the lead, forcing in a goal by sheer strength of numbers. Foulkes again trailed Bob. He narrowly missed penalties for too robust retaliations and at last did draw one. Rokeby immediately staged a power play, but were held out. Before the period ended, Bob got a third penalty and Rokeby scored to increase their lead.

Clinton started to force the play in the second period. Marsh, Clinton's right-winger on the first string, scored. Then Bob broke clear but his shot hit a post. Foulkes shadowed him too closely afterwards for him to get away again.

FOULKES NEARLY GOT HIM THAT TIME.

Twice Bob's resentment brought him penalties. The second time, Rokeby banged in a goal. Bob ended the period in the penalty box.

The third period started before his time there was up. The instant it was, Bob darted onto the ice. But Speed shot another player over the boards, ordering him in.

Bob skated fuming to the players' box. On a face-off, Speed changed his line. Bob glanced at him. Speed was sending on a spare to complete the second string. The face-off was held up while the Rokeby goalkeeper fixed a pad. Bob slid along the seat to Speed.

"What's the idea, Speed?" he asked.

"You're through," Speed rasped.

"Through?" Bob gasped.

"Yes." Speed looked away, then back. "I'm not playing into the Rokeby coach's hand by having you draw more penalties. That's his strategy in having Foulkes trail you. So you will draw penalties and Rokeby can score."

Speed snapped his eyes away again. The referee had faced off and Clinton had gone on the attack. But the Rokeby defence was too good for Clinton. Bob wished he was out there. He might wear Foulkes down if he were.

But Speed never once looked his way when he changed his lines. His mind intent on the game, trying to find a line that would bring goals, Speed had forgotten him. So it appeared. But Speed didn't find a line to do that, and the final whistle split the air with Rokeby ahead.

Speed said no word to Bob after the game and when the line-up was posted for the third game, Bob found his name wasn't on it. Perhaps, if Speed knew how he felt about it, his name might have been. But how could Speed know how he felt unless he told him? Might not Speed order him to get out if he went to his quarters to tell him? Or make some jeering remark?

But if it would help Clinton, he ought at least to tell Speed how he felt. He would, too, whatever happened. He made for Speed's quarters but outside them hesitated, nervous about knocking on the door. Finally, he did.

"Yes?" Speed's voice questioned when he stepped inside.

"You're not playing me the next game?" Bob managed to ask.

"Why should I?" Speed glared.

"No reason, I guess, since a player is no use to a team when he's in the penalty box," Bob declared.

Speed looked at him as if he thought Bob was mocking him. Then, convinced he wasn't, his eyes lost some of their glare. "If you feel that way about it why don't you keep out of it?"

"Give me another chance and I'll do my best to," Bob replied.

"All right," Speed rose. "I will. Don't let me down."

BOB tried hard not to let him down down that first period of the final game. Time after time, Foulkes stopped him none too gently, but each time Bob held on to himself. His face was grim wtih determination to keep on doing that when he came off at the end of the period.

"Great work," Speed tapped him on the shoulder.

"I guess Foulkes's coach is telling him the same thing," Bob grimaced.

"Maybe he won't after the next period," Speed said.

"Maybe you won't, either."

"I think I will,' 'Speed said quietly.

Those words helped Bob when the period started; when he wondered how much longer he could take a pounding from Foulkes and not high-stick him? If he could only take it that period he might the rest of the game.

His last time on the ice before the interval came. An expectant roar rose from the Clinton fans as he managed to elude Foulkes. Clniton needed a goal. But a defence man blocked his way as he looked to be through. Momentarily halted, Bob again seized the puck. But that moment brought Foulkes up alongside him. He, and the other defence man, sandwiched Bob, bringing him down hard.

Springing to his feet, Bob made for Foulkes. The referee's whistle had gone for an offside on the last play. There was a sudden stillness. It was as if the fans sensed a crisis; as if the game itself depended on what happened the next moment.

So Bob was told afterwards. He was too blind with rage to sense it then or care. A voice rang out. Speed's! It penetrated Bob's heated mind. He caught himself and stopped. The referee was watching him. He dropped his stick. The crisis was over.

The referee faced off, then blew his whistle to end the period. Going off, Bob got a hand from the Clinton fans.

"Foulkes nearly got me that time," he told Speed.

"You'll get him instead. You'll run him into the ground next period," Speed told him.

Bob wished he felt as sure of that as his coach did. Maybe Speed wasn't so sure, either? Maybe his was just pep talk? Foulkes hadn't acted as if he was wilting, by the way he stopped him that last time. There had been nothing soft and yielding about that crack. Maybe he was weakening himself? That continual battering he had taken might be doing something to him that he didn't realize? *He* might be the one to blow up.

Foulkes soon gave him more evidence of his stamina when that third period opened. He was on him like a cyclone whenever the puck came their way, slashing it away or stepping into him like a ton of bricks. He seemed a human dynamo.

Clinton had to score. They couldn't win by just holding their own with Rokeby. Rokeby was ahead. Again and again Bob tried to break away to get a goal. But every time the rubber was hacked off his stick or he was jolted back on his heels.

Five minutes of the period went by. And another five. And still Clinton hadn't scored. Speed frequently changed his lines, but to no purpose. Rokeby had the lead and looked as if they were going to hold it.

More minutes passed. Just five left now. Rokeby were now playing strictly defensive hockey, putting up a defence that looked like a stone wall. To make matters worse, a Clinton player drew a penalty in his desperation to score. It wasn't Bob. He was having a breathing spell on the player's bench at the time.

Speed pulled the remaining second string forwards off the ice and sent on Bob and Jackson. But even with a man advantage, Rokeby didn't send their defence up the ice with their forwards. They were satisfied to hold on to their 1-goal lead and weren't going to take chances on any Clinton breakaway from a power play. One goal would be as good as ten when that final whistle blew.

The Rokeby coach had Foulkes on to take care of Bob. With the Rokeby forwards inside the Clinton blue line, the puck came to Bob. Grabbing it, he started down. Foulkes had got careless for a moment, it seemed.

Bob stood off a Rokeby defence man who tried to halt him and gave the puck to Jackson who was racing up with him. The other defence man hit Bob hard as Jackson, in the clear, shot. The red light went on. He had scored.

The goal counted. There was a time when it would not have. The whistle would have slashed at that defence man and drawn a penalty.

At once, Rokeby put on a power play to get that goal back. They hemmed Clinton inside their blue line. Bob and Jackson fought alongside their defence men to keep them out. They did till Clinton was once more at full strength.

Two minutes were left. They forced Rokeby back. But Rokeby broke away, carrying the play right up to the Clinton goal. Foulkes fought Bob for the puck. Bob called on every ounce of strength he had. He didn't want Foulkes to think he had worn him down. Speed had said he was going to do that to Foulkes. But he hadn't. The way Foulkes was tearing into him showed he hadn't. But he had kept on the ice, and made Foulkes fight every minute they were there.

The rubber was shot across the ice. Bob fastened on it. Foulkes tackled him for it. Bob summoned all his re-

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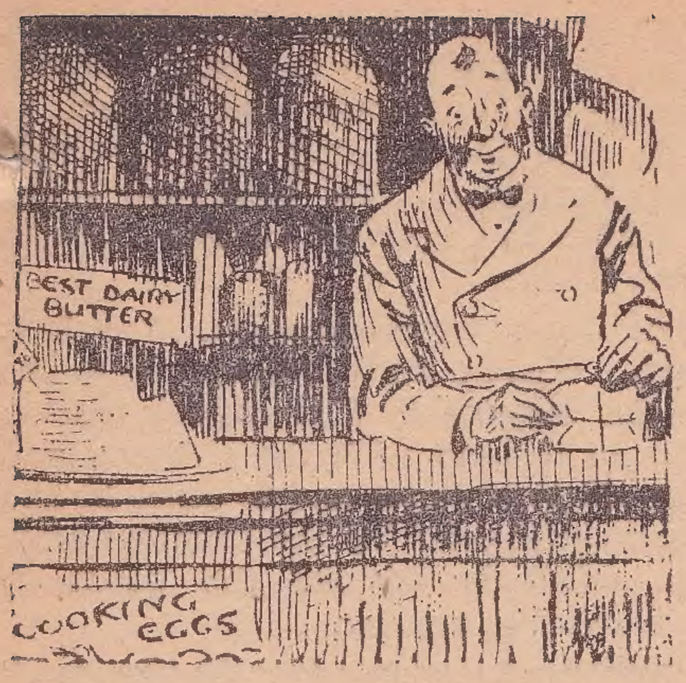
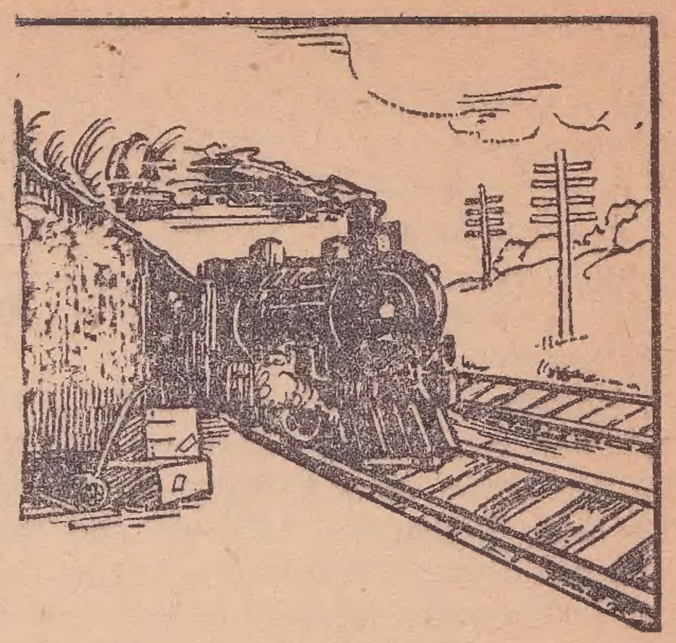


Behind the Counter

By N. M. GEORGE

For the Messenger



IMPORTANT PEOPLE

EZRA SYTHE, General Storekeeper in Topville, a small coastal town. **MRS. SYTHE**, Ezra's wife.
ROBERT DOUCE, a determined young fellow whose plan to work his way through college and become a minister leads him to take the job of clerk in Ezra's store.
TOM. JONES, CALVIN BATES, JIM RICKSON and others, fisher lads with whom Robert becomes acquainted. They decide to start a boy's club.

WHEN Robert returned from the first meeting of the Topville Progressive Club he found Ezra alone. Maria Sythe was out; Mrs. Jones, Maria's mother, the only other inmate of the house, had long since retired to her room and Ezra was a lonely old man in the living room that evening. Robert told him all about the club that they had formed and what he hoped it might do for some of the young fellows. "All seem so interested and enthusiastic that I wonder someone did not start something long ago for these boys."

Ezra grew surprisingly enthusiastic as Robert told him. He told Robert that he could use the room over his store for their club meetings, as it was not being used for anything and was convenient, and a door and steps connected it with the outside store. With a short piece of electric wire it could be lighted from the main building. "Guess I can stand that much expense," chuckled Ezra, but he really surprised himself with his own generosity.

Ezra and Robert talked late into the night and Ezra not only caught a lost bit of life from his forgotten boyhood, but remembered what his own boy might be doing with the others if he were here now.

* * *

EARLY the next morning Ezra and Robert planned to start on the club rooms of the Topville Progressive Club. As soon as they arose they made their way to the room where they intended to put as much time as possible in cleaning and fixing every morning before work. They piled away boxes and fixed up seats and tables, hung some pictures on the walls and some pretty calendars that Robert had found in his renovation of the store. Mrs. Sythe and another lady were let in on the secret and they presented a complete set of curtains, also two potted geraniums in full red bloom.

The electric wiring was run through the wall and two lights were placed where they were most needed. Robert made shades of paper.

He wrote to his high school friends and his mother for some games and if possible some sweaters.

The response was generous and a bale of goods was the result. Twenty sweaters in all, some wool and some cotton jerseys, but all neatly mended and washed clean by his mother. All the jerseys were black with the gold felt letters T.P.C. across the front. There were also a few extra letters.

Robert happily thought of the kick the boys would get when they saw the new jerseys. In the bale were also pennants with the letters "T.P.C.", and an assortment of games and a dart board, as well as some wire puzzles that would delight any boy.

Ezra and Robert put up some small tables and placed the games on them. His table tennis was also set up ready to play. He had a few boy's books he had brought with him; these he placed on a shelf to accommodate any boy who wanted to read them and he hoped to add more soon.

The remainder of the week Robert and Ezra scrubbed the floor and had all in readiness for the first meeting in these rooms.

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WEDNESDAY evening came. Robert was the first to arrive at the fish loft, where he unpacked the jerseys, with their bright letters, hung them over the seats and waited for the boys to arrive. Each and every boy found one suitable and Robert allowed them to put them on, explaining that they were to be the property of the club members and were to be worn at all meetings, ball games and sports that were sponsored by the club.

When all was in readiness and the excitement died down, Robert took his place at the table and rapped for attention. He then explained to them about the new club rooms that Mr. Sythe had prepared. All were so anxious to go that they did not wait to adjourn, but Robert pulled them up and had them do the thing properly. Charlie Gaster made the motion to adjourn to the new rooms and it was seconded by Neill Cassis. The motion was thus carried. It was almost the first real discipline that had ever come their way, but the boys liked it.

All trooped into the spacious room prepared for their use. The whitewashed walls with their pictures, the two lamps, a real chair, tables, seats, plenty of room for group games, and the many games scattered on the tables were a breath-taking surprise! Could this be really theirs to go to and use? What a boy this new clerk was,—a wizard of a boy! Surprise was too mild a word for what they felt. This room was smarter than they could ever imagine in their wildest dreams of a club room.

Robert walked to the table and called for attention. This was not hard to get this time; almost a reverence showed on the faces of the boys, as they seated themselves, ready to listen to their president.

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ROBERT told them of the plans for the coming winter. He was studying his Grade XII and wished to make the grade, so he could not take much time, but when they were fairly well started, he knew they could carry on without him. He told them he was planning some debating and public speaking as well as the games; he wanted them all to do some reading, as well as himself.

All were willing to try anything. "Impossible" was not in this club's dictionary. The debating team was formed with three boys on each side. The first debate planned was: "Resolved that city boys get a better chance than country boys."

Robert led the affirmative and Tom the negative. The volume, "Debating for Boys", borrowed somewhere, passed from hand to hand and was well studied for the next three weeks, the time for the try-out.

Baseball and other games were organized and each boy fitted into place

somewhere without any great difficulty.

Some boys interested in the debates were not interested in baseball. Some boys wanted to do the broad, high or hop step and jump. Walter Grayden was interested in the pole vault and although he had never done pole-vaulting he intended to try that sort of athletics.

Robert answered questions and explained everything; then he told them of the good service to them rendered by Mr. Sythe, not only in the use of his building, but the help he gave them in labor and material to work with.

"Give him a rousing cheer, boys," said Robert.

The roof shivered as those lusty lads were given a chance to show their gratitude in some way. Ezra answered the cheer in person. He told them he had done this and intended to do more for them and for other boys in memory of his own boy who would never be with them . . . "Robert has shown me ways of remembering him better than expensive wreaths on his grave," he said.

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NEXT came their collection taken up up by Calvin, which amounted to $1.87. Robert made up the amount to two dollars.

"A lot of money for the first meeting," said Robert. "This club will soon be financially fit to take care of itself."

"Not as much as we would have given for smokes," answered Tom. "My it was hard to give up my smoke, but I guess it will be worth it."

"It sure will," said Robert. "In more ways than one. Wait and see."

An hour was spent in games and this was the swiftest hour that the boys had ever lived. There was something for everyone to do. Robert showed them the soft ball outfit, and there was much pleasure and curiosity.

Evenings of pleasure and profit followed. Debates, sing-songs, and even several spelling matches.

* * *

SOME weeks later Robert and Ezra talked over a plan to get rid of some of the old stock and not make too big a sacrifice in price.

Robert had cleaned up a room at the back of the general store and into it he piled things that were not fit for immediate sale. The weeks since coming to that store had been very busy ones for Robret. He cleaned the shelves and took stock, he painted and varnished until the old store must have been surprised at itself as well as its ancient owner. All was now finished and the results were rows of nice fresh goods, arranged in order.

But in this back store were stacks of goods, cotton prints, flannellette, and various other pieces all faded or dirty or out of style; shoes, mildewed, faded, old style; tins, rusty or bent; braids, brooches, pins, trimmings and lots of other articles not on sale at the present day.

These things Ezra suggested selling at half-price, but Robert knew that even offering at half price would not solve all the difficulty.

He found a woman who could sew nicely and who would be glad of a chance to earn some money. To her he carried some of these cottons, remnants, trimmings, buttons and thread; these she turned into numerous small dresses, house dresses, aprons, underwear, curtains. Even pot holders and duster bags were made from the goods.

He calculated the cost of material and the cost of making, and found that he could sell these articles as cheaply as he could buy them by the dozen at the wholesale house. He could sell Ezra's goods without losing a penny, he had given employment to a person who needed it, and he was still giving the farmers and fisherfolk a chance to purchase cheaply. Shoes that were grey and mildewed he cleaned and polished. He polished dishes until they looked lkie new, and made ready for the sale.

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THIS was not all: he talked to the wholesale agents and purchased cheaply a lot of new goods. He had posters printed announcing a One-Cent Sale and these were sent to all the nearby villages. Was there a sensation in Topville! Not only in Topville but wherever the bright colored posters announced. House Dresses, Price $1.49; two for $1.50. Many other attractions were added. A new broom to the first one hundred customers who spent one dollar. Although there was little profit on this dollar, he cleared out the old goods and turned in cash to buy new stock; and there was little chance of selling the old in the old way.

A box of yeast cakes and a bread tin with every bag of flour sold out all the old tins, and the profit on the flour paid for the premium, and he sold ten bags to one that day as compared with previous days. A cup and saucer with two pounds of tea, a sugar dish with twenty pounds of sugar, a pair of stockings free with each pair of shoes, a scribbler and pencil with each dollar purchase by school children. So the sale was advertised.

A crowd of people were in the front of Ezra's store long before the usual opening hour of eight o'clock. Ezra had employed two of the local boys, Calvin Bates and Donald Willis, to help Robert. Tom would come in for the afternoon, as he would be fishing in the morning. The windows were dressed gaily for the occasion and Ezra thought the old windows would be pushed in, so great a crowd had gathered to peek in and see the price tags and bargain counters that Robert had taken so much care the evening before to display attractively. The gold rush to the Klondike had nothing on this rush to Ezra's store.

The doors were opened at 8 o'clock sharp. What a rush and a push to see all the bargains! Mrs. Sythe had to come in to help with the clerking and even old Mrs. Jones had to come in and help to straighten up the counters after each customer mauled the goods to their heart's content.

"Never was such work in my day," she grumbled, piling the goods into neat piles only to see them pulled out again the next moment. Robert worked and prayed that his scheme would work out satisfactorily, as this was his first real adventure in Topville business. He wanted to make a big success. And he did. Long before noon not a free broom was left.

One by one the clerks slipped out for lunch and came back to just as much business as they had left. Robert never left, he slipped into the back store for a minute and munched a sandwich Ezra brought him, but he never quit his job. All afternoon the trade and trials went on. It was amusing to see the disappointed look on a customer's face as she tried hard to put a number six foot into a number four shoe, as a second pair could be bought for one cent extra and the stock was getting low.

Almost always Robert helped them to take advantage of this offer and although nothing was to be had in their size, a pair of slippers for the wife or outing shoes for the son would send the purchaser away with smiles.

Robert always kept his eyes open to what seemed difficult cases and more sales and satisfied customers was the result. This sale had been the talk of the town many days before it came, but it was also the talk many days after. The women, and perhaps the men too, vied with each other in showing the bargains they got for only one cent.

* * *

ROBERT had every right to be proud of his business venture. When Ezra closed the doors that night he gazed around on an almost empty store. All the articles that were on sale had been sold and considerable groceries and other articles as well. Ezra counted his cash, and declared he had done a whole year's work in a single day. Robert felt confident that his customers benefited even if his employer made a good profit, which is not always the case with such sales.

That night he wrote to his mother and told her of the success of his

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When Germany Believed in God

A story of Albrecht Durer, a great German painter who drew his inspiration from the Bible.

By JULIA GRAYDON

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WE are told that painting in Germany found its great masters sooner than the other arts, and as in Italy, the fifteenth century in Germany was productive of art of the same character as that found in the south of Europe.

Albrecht Durer, born in 1471 at Nuremberg, was therefore a contemporary of Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo and other great painters, and like the latter, he lived in the days of the Reformation which played such an important part in the religious life of Germany. His father was a goldsmith and a friend of the famous painter and bookseller, Anton Kolburger, who was godfather at Albrecht's baptism.

Little Albrecht of Nuremberg was a handsome boy, with an alert head and brilliant eyes. As he grew older he showed a tendency for art and was also fond of books, and he was much pleased when he found htat he was to study art under Michael Wolgemut. At the age of thirteen the boy drew a portrait of himself in silver point and wrote underneath it, "I did this counterfeit of myself from a mirror in the year 1484, when I was still a child." The face is rather sad and on his long hair there is a cap such as was worn by boys at that time. Another early picture of his is the Madonna enthroned betweent two angels; this is now in the Print Room of the Berlin museum.

Albrecht's father and mother taught their little boy from the Bible and often read to him from its pages, so that when he grew older he felt that art should be used for the glory of God and the church; indeed he came to look upon it as a problem as well as a joy.

When he was nineteen years old he had a longing to travel, so he set out on his journey and travelled for four years, spending part of that time in Italy. And in Venice he painted a picture for the church of the resident German merchants, San Bartolomeo. This picture, "Feast of the Rose Garlands," led the Doge and Patriarch of Venice to visit the German painter in his studio before it was finished and was afterwards bought by the Emperor Rudolph for a large sum of money. It is now at Prague.

When Durer went back to Germany he said, "How I shall shiver after the warm sunshine of Italy!"

His father died in 1502 and the son wrote a memorial of his life, thus honoring a God-fearing man and a good father. Albrecht now had to provide for his mother and a number of younger brothers and sisters, so he had little time to waste. He took up etching and wood-engraving about this time and some of his finest woodcuts are those in the Revelation of St. John the Divine, with German text.

Durer was a master of line and could draw a straight line without a ruler. He depicted things as they really were, and in the portrait of his father the interest is centered in the wrinkles and lines of the face.

* * *

IN the year 1504 he engraved twelve designs of the Passion of Christ, named from the color of the paper, "The Green Passion." The following are some of the titles: "Kiss of Judas," "Christ before Herod," "Presentation to the People" and the "Death on the Cross."

In 1506 we find him visiting Strasburg, Basle and Venice, where he was well received by the Bellini brothers, though some of the other painters were jealous of him, for his fame had spread and someone says, "he might have been first among the Italians had he lived there, instead of first among the Flemings."

"The Man of Sorrows," his greatest picture, is said to equal Michael Angelo's "Moses." It was designed during an illness and used as a frontispiece in his book "The Little Passion." His "Adoration of the Trinity" is considered the greatest altar piece painted by any German and is "akin to Fra Angelico in its sincerity." This picture shows "God-Father, an aged King, God-Son, a willing sufferer, and the Holy Ghost, a dove. The crowd is a living, praying, praising and jubilant crowd." The whole picture is full of reverence and faith, showing the religious life of Durer's time. He himself is in the picture, standing apart from the crowd.

Durer was familiar with sin and suffering and his "Crucifixion" in the Dresden Gallery is most realistic. "Peace has come to the Sufferer; He raises His face with an expression of confidence and we almost hear the words 'Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit.'"

Another interesting picture is the one called, "The Knight, Death and the Devil." The Knight rides on a horse, with a spear on his shoulder. Death rides beside the Knight and behind, slinking along, is the Devil, raising a hand to seize him. The Knight's horse and dog feel the presence of the Devil and of Death, but the Knight himself rides along without fear. "Every German heart will comprehend the Knight who persists in spite of Death and the Devil, in the course on which he has entered." (This was written in the year 1900.)

* * *

DURER, like most great men, loved his mother and realized his debt to her, and when she died his heart was very sad. A few weeks before her death he sketched her portrait and copied the old, wrinkled face just as it was, with its lines of suffering, for he was absolutely true in his art. This portrait is now in Berlin.

To show how truthful he was in portrayal, we have the face of the woman with an enlarged eyelid, which appears in a number of his pictures. It is thought that she was connected with his family in some way.

Once when Durer was travelling he went to Zeeland to see a stranded whale and the boat in which he was sailing was driven out to sea. There was a general panic, but Durer told the captain to trust in God and the captain took courage and all reached land.

Durer loved the great Luther and was deeply moved when he heard of his various troubles.

Another work of Durer's is the "Triumph of Maximilian", whcih is a glorification of the life of the Emperor in a series of ninety-two woodcuts, covering a whole building and showing scenes in the life of the Emperor. The artist also decorated a book of prayer for Maximilian, a copy of which is now in the Royal Library at Munich.

Germany *then* and Germany *now* is illustrated by what happened to the panel which he presented to his native city in 1526 and which hangs in the Alte Pinakothek at Munich. It shows the four apostles, John, Peter, Mark and Paul, and these words were inscribed on it by Durer: "All worldly rulers in these times of danger should beware that they receive not false teaching for the Word of God. For God will have nothing added to His Word nor yet taken away. Hear therefore these four excellent men, Peter, John, Mark and Paul, and mark their warning." Several hundred years later this panel was cut in two and robbed of its inscription.

Some well-known pictures are "Christ as a Boy in the Temple," now in the Barberini Palace, "The Martyrdom of the Ten Thousand Chrsitians in Persia," and his "Portrait of a Woman", at Berlin.

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Praying and Thinking

SOMETIMES we find that God gives us things and does things for us without our having prayed at all. Think. What good things has God given you or done for you this week without your asking?

Sometimes we pray on the spur of the moment. We find ourselves suddenly in danger, or temptation, or faced with a problem that has to be dealt with at once. We turn straight to God and flash Him an S.O.S. in an instant. (Neh. 2:1-9) Think. Have you ever had this experience?

Sometimes God answers our prayers soon after we have prayed, especially if we consult Him about them and listen as well as speak. Think of experiences of altered prayers and of answered prayers.

* * *

BESIDES these kinds of prayer there are prayers we have to pray every day, such as the prayer for "our daily bread," for the people we love, for help in keeping God's Commandments, etc. The needs come every day, so we pray every day.

Sometimes we pray, knowing that the answer must lie a long time on ahead. We quite understand in some cases that this must necessarily be so. Prayer for the Harvest is an instance. We know that before God can grant it all sorts of things must happen and be done first.

Those who live in the country would be astonished if, after praying for the harvest after planting the seed, they were to see that the fields of corn had sprung up while they were in church and were ready to be cut; or, that the apple trees in their gardens were laden with fruit!

Yet we often expect God to answer our prayers as quickly as that, and forget all the processes, corresponding to God's and man's work for the harvest, which must come first.

When Nothing Happens

WE need to remember this when we pray and pray for something over and over again, and nothing happens. We may know that the thing we are praying for is right, and that we need it badly, and that God wants it too. Yet, He does not seem to hear.

It may be that we are praying for peace, or for the conversion of the world, or that someone we love may recover from illness, or may come to know Jesus Christ.

We pray and pray, and what we pray for does not happen. The reason results are delayed in these cases is the same as in the case of the harvest.

All sorts of other things must happen and processes be completed first. If we knew and understood all the conditions to be fulfilled we should be just as astonished to see them granted at once as we should be to see the fields full of ripe corn just after planting.

Your Own Case

HAVE you ever realized that there are people who pray for you? They may be praying that you shall come to know and love Jesus Christ, and perhaps wondering why their prayers are not answered. You know that you can choose whether to obey or disobey the Lord Christ.

If you deliberately choose to disobey and ignore Him, those who are praying for you will not see any result of their prayers for you. Nevertheless if they keep on steadily then there will come a time when you will no longer insist on doing wrong any more. Then God can help you to do right, open your eyes to the Lord Christ, and so answer their prayers.

THE delay in answering prayers is also a test of the genuineness of our desire for the thing we are praying for. By whether we go on praying or not we show ourselves and God just how much we really care about the thing we are praying for.

If we do not really want what we are praying for very much we soon drop praying for it when nothing happens. But if we really want something very much indeed we cannot stop praying for it, even though nothing seems to happen for years and years.—Church of England Newspaper.

Being sorry you got caught is not repentance.

Live your life while you have it. Life is a splendid gift; there is nothing small about it; but to live your life, you must discipline it.—Florence Nightingale.

WORD FOR THE DAY

Sun. : Who will have all men to be saved. I Tim. 2:9

Mon. : How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?—Heb. 2:3

Tue. : God hath concluded them all in unbelief, that He might have mercy upon all.—Rom. 11:32.

Wed. : O, the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! —Rom. 11:33.

Thu. : The poor shall eat and be satisfied. —Psalm 22:26.

Fri. : The Lord is loving unto every man. —Psalm 145:9.

Sat. : Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven.—Matt. 6:20.

Master-Strokes

The clouds, which rise with thunder slake
Our thirsty souls with rain;
The blow most dreaded falls to break
From off our limbs a chain;
And wrongs of man to man but make
The love of God more plain.
As through the shadowy lens of even
The eye looks farthest into heaven
On gleams of star and depths of blue
The glaring sunshine never knew!

—*J. G. Whittier.*

Not more than I can bear I know
Thou, dearest Lord, wilt on me lay,
And I can learn of thee to go
Unfearing on my way.

—Harriet McEwen Kimball.

GOD'S HAND WRITING

He writes in characters too grand
For our short sight to understand;
We catch but broken strokes, and try
To fathom all the mystery
Of withered hopes, of death, of life,
The endless war, the useless strife,—
But there, with larger, clearer sight,
We shall see this—His way was right!

—Sel.

Self-improvement is a duty you must perform yourself.

If your religion can be hidden it might easily be lost.

Now we exhort you, brethren, warn them that are unruly, comfort the feeble-minded, support the weak, be patient toward all men.—I Thess. 5:14.

The little worries which we meet each day
May lie as stumbling-blocks across our way,
Or we may make them stepping-stones to be
Of grace, O Lord, to Thee.

—A. E. Hamilton.

The Control Lever

NOW and then an accident occurs on a railway whcih has only one explanation—the man in charge of the levers has failed at the proper moment to guide the wheels of the train on to a safe siding, or having set the switch in favor of a previous slow train, he fails to change it when the express approaches. There are certain "switch moments" in the lives of all of us, when the far future depends upon the instant decision. Life is full of cross-overs and derailing devices, all of which requires constant attention if moral safety is to be preserved or true achievement won. Life is not a straight track: it is as complicated as the system of rails at a junction. We need ever to watch and pray.—The War Cry.

Young People's Bible Reading

Mammon of Unrighteousness

by BEREAN

for Sunday
FEB. 9, 1941.
Luke 16:10-15, 19-23

THE problems of poverty and wealth were very real to our Lord. He had been born into a poor family and had lived and taught and healed among many who were poorer still.

The country was poor, taxation was heavy. But worse than the taxation by the Roman, Herodian and temple authorities was the greed through which some men grew rich at the expense of their neighbors.

And almost worse than the greed was the selfishness with which men hugged their wealth to themselves with little or no regard to those in want.

Our Lord regarded those who had riches as in positive danger (St. Luke 18:24, 25) He strove to waken them to a sense of their responsibility toward others. If they lacked this spirit of brotherhood they lacked everything.

"He that is faithful"

A LITTLE while ago we saw how he told the story of "The Rich Fool." (St. Luke 12:13-21) In the earlier part of our chapter (16:1-9) He tells of "The Unjust Steward." The point is not the steward's "unjustness." It is his foresight. He is commended by his master "because he has done wisely."

The story has a humorous flavor which would be appreciated by our Lord's audience and which would open their minds to the reception of the great truth which is its kernel.

This truth is that we must deal with our money so that it will not be a hindrance to us, but may help us "to win friends whose friendship shall last to all eternity." (Adeney)

He that is faithful—Our money is not our own. God trusts us with it. It is a comparatively "little" thing for it is not lasting. If we use it wisely and generously as God would have us use it He will entrust us with "gifts, graces and virtues which are much more important." (Dummelow)

Unrighteous mammon.—"A common rabbinical expression. . . . It does not here mean wealth unrighteously acquired, but 'deceitful wealth'. So we speak of 'filthy lucre'." (Dummelow)

"By giving this name to riches, he intends to render them an object of suspicion, because for the most part they involve their possessors in unrighteouness." (Calvin)

No 'house servant' can serve two masters.—"Our Lord pronounced absolutely that in the last resort there are only two classes of men, those who are serving God, and those who are serving the world." (Dummelow)

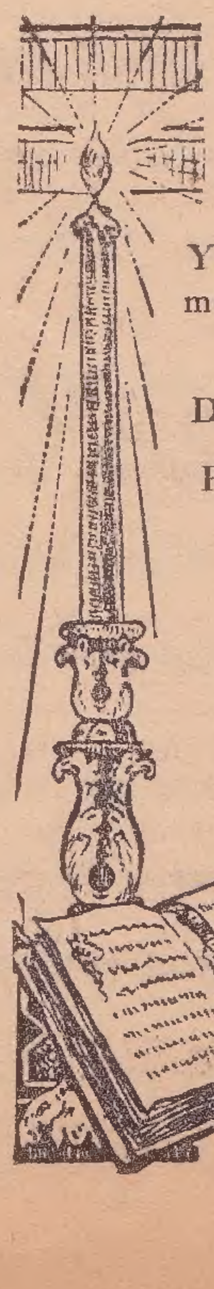
The sort of other-worldliness which has made the Church in many ages indifferent to the miseries of men, and prepared to tolerate the grossest violation of the spirit of justice and brotherhood, even in a nominally Christian society, is as flatly contrary to the spirit of Jesus as anything could be.

The Church, as Jesus intends it to be, exists as the representative in this world of the kingdom of God which is the kingdom of justice and brotherhood. And the sentence of the final judge of men is to be swift and awful upon those who are content to ignore the misery which they might, if they would, both recognize and remedy. "Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these my brethren ye did it not to me."—Chas. Gore, D.D.

Cannot.—"The case is impossible . . . we may turn it about and say conversely, He who serves God is thereby liberated from the sordid slavery of mammon." (Adeney)

Mammon.—A Syriac word meaning riches.

Who were covetous.—Better "lovers of money." (R.V.) Being lovers of money, they thought they could at the same time serve God and mammon.



Memory Verse

Ye cannot serve God and mammon. —Luke 16:13.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS

From Feb. 3 to Feb. 9, 1941.

Mon.—Deut. 8:11-18
Tue.—Luke 16:10-13
Wed.—Luke 16:14-17
Thu.—Luke 16:19-23
Fri.—I Tim. 6:6-10
Sat.—Luke 12:13-15
Sun.—2 Cor. 9:6-12

Before men.—"They scarcely seemed to care to consider whether they were justified in the sight of God."

An abomination.—"A strong word, primarily meaning a thing of foul stench. It was used in Daniel (11:31) of the profanation of the temple by Antiochus Epiphanes." (Adeney)

"A certain rich man"

RETURNING to the question of the use and abuse of wealth our Lord tells the story of "The Rich Man and the Beggar."

A certain rich man.—He represents those who in the enjoyment of wealth forget God and neglect their duty to the poor and suffering.

Purple.—His upper garment made of rich material and dyed with Tyrian purple, obtained from the shell-fish "murex".

Fine linen.—His under-garment made from Egyptian flax. Both materials were exceedingly costly.

Fared sumptuously.—Better "living merrily and in splendor."

Lazarus: "the Hebrew Eleazar, meaning "he whom God helps." This meaning of the name may be our Lord's reason for giving it." (Adeney)

Desiring to be fed.—"Implying that he was not fed. The heartlessness of the rich man is his fatal sin, not the mere fact that he was rich." (Adeney)

The dogs: "Since the dog was in the East an unclean animal, the licking was an aggravation of the poor man's misery." (Dummelow)

By the angels: "According to Jewish belief. The imagery is Jewish throughout." (Adeney)

Abraham's bosom: "A Jewish name, not of heaven, but of the intermediate state of bliss, in which the souls of the just await resurrection. . . . Other equivalent names are 'Paradise', 'the garden of Eden' and 'under the throne of glory.' . . The figure is (that of) children quietly resting in their parents' lap or bosom." (Dummelow)

The rich man . . . was buried.—Doubtless with all pomp. There is no mention of "burial" in the case of the poor man—nor of "angels" in the case of the rich man.

Hell.—Hades in Greek, answering to the Hebrew Sheol. "Here used in a wide sense for the intermediate state of all souls, just and unjust, between death and judgment. . . . The usage of the word is quite common." (Dummelow)

(Please turn to Page 8.)

Providing A Program for Youth

English housewives have sacrificed much in order to take into their homes guest children from other towns or bombed areas. The same challenge is being met by housewives in other parts of the Empire and in the U. S. A. in providing new homes and caring for our overseas guests. Our hope is that this story of how one woman was helped in her effort to do a bit of social service will be an encouragement to all who are engaged in similar work in these days of need.

IT was just an ordinary suburban street. On schooldays, the children were noticeably absent from nine to four; but during the week-ends, they swarmed everywhere, and great was the racket of cat-calls, footballs and bicycle bells as they filled in the hours in undirected and energetic recreation—recreation sometimes injurious to limb and property!

Then a mother on the street found God. And though her family were uninterested, she was happy, because God began to show her how to use her days. But after a month or two, she knew there was something wrong; she realised she was not being used to bring others into this new way of life, and the sin of disappointment assailed her.

Certainly, her small son of eleven had remarked that "Mum looked different"; but, in subsequent times of prayer God showed her there was one step she was unwilling to take. It concerned all those other boys on the street. Their lack of control had worried her always, and often she had wanted to "do something about it."

* * *

JUST wanting to help wasn't enough Three zealous fellow Christians, in the course of a few days, challenged her to invite the lads into her home, get to know them and share with them her discovery.

"But," she argued, "that is impossible. There is my family to be considered, and they would never agree. Besides, Sunday afternoons provide my only free time for rest after a hard week's work. And to think of my only decent room—the furniture would be ruined. This step can't be meant for me."

Again God told her He would use her if she was willing to take it. At prayer time, one day with the vision before her of Christ's gift to her, she made that surrender.

* * *

IMMEDIATELY the miracle was under way. Parents, it was soon discovered, co-operated suprisngly readily, the boys themselves were willing to "try anything once," and the small son of eleven surrendered his life to Christ.

Then God sent a man along to lead them—one whom the boys considered was a "regular pal," and in the past two months sixteen youngsters, of all ages up to fourteen, have never missed attendance at the sitting-room Sunday School.

Many of the boys are "looking different" these days—the parents are finding out the reason why, convictions come to the youngsters concerning lack of love, and the existence of sefishness, jealonsy and disonesty toward those with whom they live. "Bad language" is being replaced by the language of love.

God is now known to the sixteen as "their Father" and Christ as their "Elder Brother"; listening in to God produces results affecting every home from which these boys emerge.

Now the changed mother has a vision of all the parents active for God. Each day brings that vision nearer, since one woman in a suburban street was willing to let God use her.—Tryst.

"SELF-EXAMINATION"

Perhaps at first they talked of little things
At supper-time that evening in the spring—
The upper room was dim with candle-shine
As Jesus sat with twelve remembering . . .

* * *

Then quietly He said: "There is one here
Whose kiss will bring betrayal by and by."
They did not look at Judas curiously,
But each man murmured: "Master, is it I?"

* * *

Each one looked inward, frightened, lest he find
A shoddy place where he had dreamed of steel.
None placed the guilt on any other guest
Who had partaken of that gracious meal.

* * *

When there are hungry on my little street,
When I see tears or hear a heart's hurt cry
Because someone has failed to keep high faith,
May I, too, murmur: "Master, is it I?"

—Helen Walshimer in 'Sharing'

MAMMON OF UNRIGHTEOUSNESS

(Continued from Page 7.)

Torments. — "Spiritual torment or punishment must be meant for he was now a disembodied spirit." (Dummelow)

Afar off.—The rabbis pictured the two divisions of the intermediate state as being in sight of each other and were familiar in their stories with the idea of conversations among the dead.

Father Abraham.—The rabbis said, "The fire of Gehenna has no power over the sinners of Israel, for Abraham descends and rescues them from it." Our Lord shows that the difference does not depend on race or nationality.

Son.—" 'Child'. Abraham is not harsh in his reply."

"Thou receivedst to the full"—"Thus he had had all his portion. . . . All that this verse shows is a great reversal of fortunes, without stating the moral reasons for it.' (Adeney)

Besides all this.—"In all these things" or "in all these regions."

Meaning of the Parable

I PRAY thee.—"Many recent commentators . . . see in his new-born anxiety for the welfare of others an indication that his punishment is producing its intended purifying effect. . . Belief in the terminable nature of future punishment . . . (was) familiar to our Lord's contemporaries." (Dummelow)

Testify.—"A strong word meaning 'testify earnestly and thoroughly'." (Adeney)

Moses and the prophets.—The two main divisions of the Old Testament. "They contain (1) clear teaching on the right way of living, (2) repeated warnings of punishment for wrongdoing." (Adeney)

Nay.—A strong Greek negative. "No, no! That is *not* enough."

If they hear not.—"A rebuke to the Jewish craving for signs. Mere marvels do not produce spiritual conviction or moral repentance." (Adeney)

"The first lesson of this parable is evidently a warning against confidence in riches, given in a revelation of a complete reversal of fortunes after death. . . . The reversal is based on character . . . The description of Lazarus at his gate plainly hints at what the sin of the rich man is, viz., selfish indifference to his brother's need. It is not reasonable to take the imagery of a parable as a description of the state of the dead. It is parabolic throughout." (Adeney)

"The parable is plainly intended to inculcate, as against the unbelief of worldy and sensual men, the doctrine of future rewards and punishments . . . and to be so far a serious doctrinal statement.

MAMMON OF UNRIGHTEOUSNESS

"On the other hand, the thoroughly Jewish cast of the phraseology warns us against taking its details too literally." (Dummelow)

In this parable as elsewhere our Lord takes the Jewish imagery familiar to his hearers as the vehicle for His teaching.

Interpretation of this parable in the light of the reason and conscience that God gives us, and in the light of what we know of the Jewish beliefs of our Lord's Day strengthens its tremendous and solemn lesson. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

Selfishness inevitably brings its punishment. The rich man's punishment grew out of his sin. He went to "his own place." He carried his character with him. The difference between his character and that of the generous Abraham was the "great gulf" that separated them.

And note we are not told that he "did" anything wrong. He had neglected to help a man in his distress. This was also the sin of those "on the left hand." (St. Matt. 25:42-45). Salvation is character. It must be "salvation from our selfishness."

We do right and avoid wrong not because we are afraid of punishment, but because we are God's children. He trusts us. Our honor is concerned. "We must not let Him down." He loves us more than tongue can tell. We would hate to do anything to grieve Him.

The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip,
To haud the wretch in order;
But where ye feel your honor grip,
Let that aye be your border:
Its slightest touches, instant pause—
Debar a' side pretences;
And resolutely keep its laws,
Uncaring consequences.

(Burns)

QUESTIONS

1. He that is faithful——. Complete the verse.
2. Why is money called "unrighteous mammon"?
3. How can one be faithful with money?
4. No servant can serve——. Complete the
5. What story did our Lord tell in our study verses?
6. What was the fault of the rich man?
7. What does the word 'Hell' mean in v. 23?
8. What is the great teaching of this parable?

BEHIND THE COUNTER

(Continued from Page 4.)

scheme. "Now," he wrote "I feel I have a new store to start with; but I wonder how long this must last before I earn enough to go to college? I also wonder if Topville, its ways, and the business is closing in on me. Every success I make either with the boys or my work seems to tie me tighter to this. I wonder if the dream of our lives will ever come true. Will I ever be a minister?"

Her answer was encouraging but not advising; it contained news of the old home, the doings of the town he had left, the Sunday School, her centre of interest; then, in closing, she wrote:

"You don't have to be a minister to do God's work, Robert; and while you are waiting to be a minister, be one to the people whom you meet every day. Are you sure that you are doing all you can to prepare yourself for the ministry?"

* * *

ROBERT knew he was not. He had been in Topville now nearly six weeks and as yet there was no Sunday School. There could be one, only it would need more than one teacher and would take a great deal of hard work, more than the elderly minister could undertake. And no one seemed to come forward for the job. There was not much he could do, he thought. But his mother's letter had said, "Are you sure you are doing the best you can?" Robert pondered well over this.

His boys' club had been a huge success. Ezra had managed to buy cheaply an old organ from the church wardens and on this Robert had spent every minute of his spare time until he had it in good repair and was able to play hymns and songs for the boys. Many a good hearty sing-song did the boys enjoy, when tired of the games.

Robert was also organist in the church in the village. He had a boy's choir for Sunday mornings, he practised all his music for them in the club room, and the people were very pleased with the success of the venture; and nothing was too much trouble for anyone to do to help the T.P.C.

He must think hard what he could do to start a Sunday School and Young People's Society. Neither would be very difficult to carry on, once started. He was trying hard, too, to study his grade XII. Only two more weeks remained before school began and he had already covered a great deal of work. Later when business was slack he could study in the store. Ezra had asked him to do it many times, but until that sale was held and the books and stock straightened up he had not dared even to think of it. Now that was over, and the store was more nearly as he would like it. New goods were arriving daily. Robert was busy getting them unpacked and placed, and the store was taking on quite an attractive look. Fall was approaching and with it would come a round of social events, of which there were few in Topville during the summer.

(To Be Continued.)

TOO MANY PENALTIES

(Continued from Page 2.)

sources for a last desperate effort. He got clear of Foulkes. He left Foulkes trailing. Foulkes *hadn't* as much left as he had. Foulkes was done. He *had* worn him down like Speed had said he would. In the last seconds.

He went in on goal. A defence man hit him but he managed to hold onto the puck and keep going. The other defence man blocked his path. He got round him somehow and shot. The puck hit the goalkeeper's pads and bounded out.

Bob leaped for the rebound. A couple of Rokeby players tried to body him. He got the puck as they did and smashed it for the top right corner of the net. The next moment, he was crashed to the ice. But the rubber was in the net. Bob had put Clinton ahead.

They stayed there till the whistle blew for time. Clinton had won the game and the championship in the last seconds.

Bob headed for the door off the ice. But Speed leaped down beside him before he got there. He put his arm around Bob, shouting himself hoarse. But the din drowned out what he was saying. The din from more than a thousand throats, acclaiming Bob.

He'd won the championship for Clinton and for them, their shouts said. He'd done it by staying on the ice; by taking a hammering for three periods and never once letting his temper break to give him a penalty. By doing something bigger even than winning a league championship.

HE KNOWS THEIR NOSES

AN American doctor has discovered that no two noses are alike. Neither through age nor illness does the nasal bone alter. He has established his claim by 2,000 X-ray photographs. Even the noses of twins vary. He says his identification is as accurate as finger-prints.

And so in the fulness of time we may come to the collection of nose-prints instead of finger-prints for the identification of criminals, politicians, and other shady folk. Science marches on with slow persistence. The gin-nose and the plain beer-nose have long been a finger post in our national life —to the moderately observant.

If science can show how we can quickly discriminate between the political candidate and the ordinary burglar by a glance at the noses in question—it will at least offer the opportunity of purifying our parliaments —and that would be something.—'Grit'

The Chums Mail Bag

DEAR CHUMS,—

It's good to see so many letters coming to the Mail Bag. Several very good ones came recently on "How to Keep Fit", and there is time for plenty more before the 15th of this month. These are indeed days for keeping fit—bodily, mentally, and spiritually.

One chum has mentioned specially in her letter that we need to keep fit "spiritually". And she is right.

Canadians must have in their hearts and souls the strength that only God can give. That is what spiritual fitness means. And if we have that it will help us to develop stronger bodies, saner minds, a higher morale in the whole nation.

YOUR LOVING AUNT RUTH.

Chums Contest on "How to Keep Fit" Closes Feb. 15, 1941.

* * *

To Ethel Varney from Geraldine Clarke

Dear Ethel;—Seeing your letter in today's paper I decided to answer it right away. Don't worry I didn't miss your kind wishes. Indeed it made me very happy to receive Christmas greetings from someone I didn't know. I hope you had a happy Christmas too. I got a pair of skates for Christmas and am anxious to try them out if it would stop snowing.

I went to Montreal for the holiday. There was a large Santa Claus in a department store window. He slapped his knees and roared with laughter. As some people came along looking as though they had lost their last friend, they would stop for a minute and then burst out laughing. Your letter made me laugh too; that about John was really funny.

By your letter I see you live in Ontario; what part? I was born in Ontario, but now live in Quebec. I took the Ontario Correspondence Courses until last year when I went to Montreal to school. What grade are you in? Tell me about yourself so we can get acquainted.

I will tell you what I look like, but I don't believe one should talk too much about oneself. I have brown hair and eyes, rosy complexion, am 5ft. 6in. tall, weigh 106 lbs. I like athletics, reading, knitting and painting.

I will tell you about school here when I write again.

I must close now and not take up the whole page. I will look forward to seeing your letter in the Northern Messenger.

Best wishes for a happy New Year even though it is a little late. Your loving Chum,—Geraldine.

To Marjorie Burgess From Marion Matheson.

Dear Marjorie;—I hope you won't think I have forgotten you because I haven't. It seems that I have been so busy getting settled in High School and I like it fine. I came second in my form out of twenty-four with an average of 79.7. I like French especially well.

I have forgotten whether or not you are attending High School. If you are I hope you like it.

What are your favorite winter sports? Mine are skating and tobogganing and there has been plenty of both this year.

Well, I must close now hoping to hear from you soon. Sincerely,—Marion Matheson, Ont.

To Ella Smith From Ella Riebel

Dear Ella:—I was glad to get your letter as our names are both Ella. It must be nice to have a twin sister. Are you having much snow? We are having a little bit. In Nov. we had a big storm. It stormed every day for a week. For two days there was no school. But on Wednesday I got a ride there and back. On Thursday and Friday I walked. Have you got far to walk to school? I have one and a quarter miles.

I have two sisters. One is ten and in Grade four. But in September she cut her leg on some glass at school and she had to have an x-ray in the hospital. She was home from the hospital five weeks when she had to go back again for one week. She is not able to go back to school yet. My other sister is fifteen. She is in 1st form in high school.

What grade are you in at school? I am in grade eight.

Well write to me again. Good-bye;—Ella Riebel, Ont.

TO A WHITE PLANE

White wings that lift a man into
The vast, uncharted sky,
What strange, swift, shining bird are you
That dares to soar so high?

The eagle falters in his flight
Before your shape of steel,
You swoop and gracefully alight
Where seagulls scream and wheel.

Above the snow-capped mountain peak
You rise in proud disdain
And fling your challenge, dauntlessly,
To ocean's wide domain.

In service to mankind, you fly
Across the continent,
Braving the sombre-curtained sky
With lightning-sabres rent.

Fearless you seem, a courier bold,
Snow-plumaged, meteor-fleet,
At nightfall do your pinions fold
In slumber soft and sweet?

As swift-winged swallows seek their rest
When velvet night draws nigh,
Do you repair to some great nest
And leave your home, the sky?

Ah, well I know the skilful hand
That steers your steady course,
That brings your airy wings to land,
Of your strange flight the source.

In hangar huge, you stand at ease,
A bird of man's design,
A beauteous thing to race the breeze
And skim the ocean's brine.

But were it not for pilot skill
To take you on your flight,
Here would you stay, alone and still,
Stripped of your grace and might.

And if there was no God of Love
To watch, with tender care,
Your pilot as he speeds above,
High in the still, blue air,

He, too, would weak and helpless be,
Too frail this task to do,
United ever be these three—
Your pilot—God—and you.

—Edna Mills, N.B.

Husband (feeling a twings in the back while he is tuning in the radio)—"I believe I'm getting lumbago."

Wife—"What's the use, dear? You won't be able to understand a word they say."—C. N. R. Magazine.

This Week's Star Correspondent

EDNA MILLS

Honorable Mention

GERALDINE CLARKE.

A Dog's Life

By E. K. MELBOURNE

For the Messenger

I WAS born away out in the West on a Sheep Ranch. My mother's name was Flora, and she was a beautiful black and white collie—very much loved by her Master and Mistress because she was so wise, obedient, and loving to the family and the sheep.

Many people do not know that we dogs can understand their speech, and also that we have a greater love for our masters than they have for us.

When only little puppies, our mother taught my little black brother and myself many good ways to act and think. We must be gentle with children, patient at all times, quiet if there was nothing to fear, but bark loudly if a stranger came near our home.

I guess we were over a month old when they called me "Jack" and my brother "Prince." We were clumsy little pups having lots of fun and just learning to eat a little. Then one day we knew something strange was going to happen, and mother came running, all out of breath, and said a storm was coming.

* * *

OUR Mistress came to our kennel looking frightened, called Flora and carried brother and me into the big kitchen. There she put down a rug for us to lie on near the warm stove. We could hear the other big dogs howling outside, but they were not brought in. The wind whistled and shook the house, snow beat against the windows and our Mistress could not see out. Our mother listened and whined by the door, but Mistress did not go to open it.

The baby came to play with us and it was great to be in the warm house. But we could hear the storm getting worse and it lasted a long time. Our Master came in with great long boots on his feet and a big leather coat. Our Mistress asked: "Are the sheep safe, Fred?"

"No, they're not," he replied, "I have been trying my best to get them into the corral for two hours, but those big cowardly hounds of dogs won't stay with me, but turn back home. They just won't obey or face the storm. I'll have to take Flora and go right away."

"What, take our little Flora away from her babies and let those big dogs hide in the barn? Make them go! You can't take Flora, not on a night like this."

"I must, Annie, or lose fifteen hundred dollars' worth of sheep. Only Flora can save them."

* * *

OUR mother jumped up whining and told him that she would go right away. The Mistress gave her some milk, and she licked us all before she went. We both cried because we hated to have her leave us. She told us to be brave puppies, and she would come back. Three other men went with our master, but the big dogs would not go.

It was a long, long time to wait for our mother, but at dark we could hear

FRIENDLY THINGS

I like a friendly house,
Not grim and grey,
But fresh with paint, and gay with crimson tiles,
That smiles all day.

I like a friendly store,
With doors open wide;
As soon as you approach, they seem to say,
"Do come inside."

I like a friendly room,
Untidy, old;
But full of things well-loved, and with a fire
To warm hands cold.

I like a friendly soul,
A heart aglow,
That needs no words to understand your thoughts,
But seems to know.

—*Office News.*

the men coming and smell the sheep going into their corral. Then our Master came in, and another man carrying our mother. Master called: "Annie, get a quilt quickly and spread it on the floor." The man laid her down and we cried—Annie, our Mistress, cried too. Something had to be done. Then Master said:

"Bill, you go out and care for the sheep. We'll bring Flora around. She has saved me all my sheep tonight. I'll work over her till morning, although I'm tired to the limit."

They both rubbed and dried her with hot towels, and put some nasty thing in milk to put in her mouth. She coughed it out, but did not stir nor open her eyes to look at Prince or me. Annie asked, "When did this happen. Did you carry her far?"

"She just stood up till the last step she needed to take. When she got home after doing all that great work, she quit barking and just fell over. I certainly would not part with her for her weight in gold."

Flora lay so still we did not know what to do. We heard the storm, but did not care. We kept our eyes fixed on mother for hours. Then they turned her over and at last she shook her ears and sniffed! Then she moved her head and looked at us. She said, "Are you all right, puppies?" and we asked if she was better. She answered, "Yes, yes; now go to sleep little fellows."

When we woke up in the morning mother was standing up looking at us. She was better but stiff and sore and very quiet. She had no breakfast for us, but we had plenty—such as it was—cow's milk. But we tried to like it and were very happy to have mother better. Although the sun was shining, they kept us in all day. Flora wanted to go to the sheep, but could not go.

* * *

ONE night soon after the storm a stranger came to our kennel. He looked a little like our Master. We did not like him very much at first. The next day, however, Fred showed him the sheep and all the dogs, and told him about Flora saving the sheep in the bad snow storm we had had. Our Master said she was his best friend and he would never part with her.

The stranger looked at us and stroked my back, saying, "Sell one of these pups to me—this black and white one." Of course this was I. Then they left and mother listened until they were gone, then she came back to us whimpering and moaning. The next day I was crated up and sold to the man who lived one thousand miles away. My crate of slats was put into a baggage car, and I was all alone until at last I reached a nice home where there were little girls and boys to play with all day.

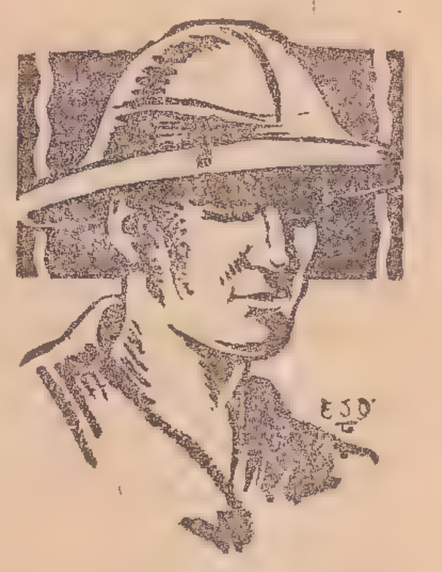
There was no more smell of sheep, nor were there any other animals at this new house, and sometimes I got lonesome for Flora and my black brother Prince. But I had such a good time playing with and guarding the children that days and days passed and I grew older and happier every day.

One night when I was sleeping on the front porch I woke to smell smoke in the air. I remembered what Flora had taught me as a little puppy to make a big noise. So I barked and whined and scratched at the door. Then lights went on and the door opened and Master came out coughing and smoke billowed around him in the doorway. It was not long until the

(Please turn to Page 12.)

The Captain and the Tiger

CAPTAIN TURNBULL was lying in a deck-chair on the verandah of a hospital in India. Though dressed, his head was bandaged and his face pale.



He was a big-game hunter, but one who shot only one kind of game,—man-eating tigers.

He was suffering from an injury to his ear drum, and was still under treatment at the hospital when messengers arrived from a distant village, asking him to come to kill a tigress who had forsaken her natural prey and turned man-eater. She had taken between eighty and ninety people, watching round the village to catch a native alone, walking boldly down the street when the menfolk had gone to the fields, carrying off women and children, one by one.

* * *

SUCH a call was not to be refused by Turnbull.

In a few hours he was on foot in a low jungle looking for the tigress. He had only Ishmail, a native hunter, or shikari, with him.

Ishmail had just said that he thought the tigress was not far away when Captain Turnbull's attention was attracted by something else—two little olive-green birds with long tails, flitting and chirping mournfully round a thorn bush.

The big-game hunter was very fond of birds. He looked at their little nest hanging on a branch of the thorn. It was beautifully made of three big leaves stitched together by fibre by the Darzee-birds.

They had lined the cup with fine grass and cotton fluff, and had made it a dainty cradle for the nestlings which they hoped to have. But there was a flaw in the stuff, or the stitchery; perhaps it was the first the tailor-birds had ever sewn. Two little pinky-white eggs had slipped out, and lay on the sand beneath.

* * *

CAPTAIN Turnbull stooped to pick up the eggs, and as he rose he saw the great striped mask of the tigress only two or three yards away. She was looking at him as mildly as if the tale of the ninety natives had been mere fiction.

But her eyes narrowed, her body flattened itself for a spring. What was the captain to do with the birds' eggs? The Darzees must have their chance, even though it seemed a small one.

He put the eggs gently into his mouth, fired and killed the tigress stone-dead.

"See, sahib!" said the Ishmail, a few minutes later, "all her pads are wounded and torn. That is why she became a man-eater, She could not pull down the deer."

The captain nodded, his mouth was still full of eggs. He took them out intact, and placed them carefully in the nest. The Darzee-birds would have their little ones that year.—The Children's Newspaper.

A DOG'S LIFE

(Continued from Page 11.)

children and our Mistress and the servants appeared and men came to put the fire out—and they all said I had saved their lives.

Another time when the Family moved to their country home for the summer, taking me with the children, Kenneth, the youngest boy and I had a great adventure with an angry bull. I had never seen such a terrible animal before, but I made up my mind not to be frightened, and barked and kept his attention till little Kenneth could run and climb a fence. Then I got out of the way of that old bull pretty quickly!

Time passes, the children are growing up—they call me "Good old Jack" now, but I am very contented, and only wish they would wash my dish every day and keep that nasty spitty Persian cat away when I am eating.

FACTS

FIVE-SEVENTHS of the Earth's surface is covered by the sea.

The total volume of water is uncertain. Estimates vary between twelve and five hundred cubic miles.

In parts of the Atlantic it is 40,000 feet deep; in the English Channel it is only a few hundred feet deep.

Plant life exists only to a depth of 700 feet, but animal life is abundant even in the lowest depths.

ANSWERS TO YOUNG PEOPLE'S BIBLE READING

1. St. Luke 16:10.
2. Because it so often involves its possessors in unrighteousness.
3. By earning it honestly and by spending it wisely and generously.
4. St. Luke 16:13.
5. That of "The Rich Man and the Beggar."
6. That he was selfish and did not help the poor.
7. Hades or Sheol. In Jewish thought the abode of all souls between death and judgment.
8. That selfishness inevitably brings its punishment. "Salvation" must be "salvation from our selfishness."

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If the bundle is to be sent to a new address, please state both old and new. The bundle should always go in the name of the official *most permanently interested*, though it may be addressed to him in c/o someone more convenient to S.S. or P.O.

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Keep your WITS WORKING

HIDDEN BIRDS

IN each of the following sentences a bird is hiding. Can you find them all?

1. What is that group of people? If there is a panic on, do run for the nearest gate.
2. But you must run fast or keep out of the way of the crowd or they may knock you down.
3. Once my boy, John, in a panic ran every way but the right way.
4. Finally he and another boy found a gate and both rushed to get through and got jammed there.
5. When John got home his coat had a new rent in it.
6. His coming aroused curiosity as to what had happened.
7. He feels like a hero now that he has had such an exciting adventure.
8. He and his cousin Ross played a duet on the violin, netting a dollar between them.
9. With a special bat Ross scored a home run in the ball game.—Our Dumb Animals.

WHAT MEN!

1. A man who is a shackle.
2. A man who is a musical instrument.
3. A man who is a tropical fruit.
4. A man who is a fine house.
5. A man who is a book written by hand.
6. A man who is a headdress worn by Spanish ladies.
7. A Canadian man.
8. A man in the Irish Sea.

RIDDLES

1. What has a lot of teeth and yet never has the toothache?
2. What has a lot of eyes and yet cannot see?
3. Why did the coal scuttle?
4. What hands work all the day round?
5. Which side of the cat's tail is the most furry?

A TELEGRAM GAME

DIVIDE the alphabet into as many sets of ten consecutive letters as there are players. For instance,—

C D E F G H I J K L

or

F G H I J K L M N O

Take a number of slips of paper and print a "set" of letters across the top. Each player receives a slip and pencil with instructions to write a ten-word telegram concerning current news, each word beginning with a letter of the "set" in their proper order.

It must be done in a given time, say three or five minutes. Best telegram of course wins the prize.

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles

Rhyming Riddle—A Happy New Year

Riddles from Chums—

1. Because it is so noughty (naughty).
2. WRONG.

An old Negro who was leading a dog was asked what he would sell it for.

"Two dollars, massa," he said with a grin.

"That's far too much for a dog like that. I'll give you half a dollar."

"No, sah; it couldn't be done," said the Negro. "Why, de man I got dat dog from gave me a whole dollar to get rid of it."

Conductor: "Madam, are all these your children or is this a picnic?"

She: "They're all mine and take it from me its no picnic."

Candidate: "Now, my friends, you don't want to buy a pig in a poke. Vote for me and you will get the genuine article."

Chairman: "The Squire is now going to sing a comic song; and mind—no laughing from you at the back of the hall."

Waitress: "Did you say you wanted these eggs turned over?"

Diner: "Yes—to the Museum of Natural History."

"Once last year in India," boomed the club bore, "I suddenly found myself face to face with a man-eating tiger."

"And only last week," murmured the quiet little man in the corner, "in a restaurant, I found myself face to face with a man eating fish."

He was very old-fashioned, but at last he decided to buy a car. During his first driving lesson the instructor told him that in case of emergency the first thing to do was to put on the brake.

"Oh," was the innocent reply; "but I thought that came with the car".

Two bright young friends met.

"I hear your father is ill," said one. "Is his trouble catching?"

"I hope not," replied the other. "The doctor says he is suffering from overwork".

When Germany Believed

(Continued from Page 5.)

DURER married early in life a woman named Agnes Frey, who was a good wife to him. They had no children, but Durer was very fond of children and often sketched little pictures for them. "Monkeys Dancing", drawn with the pen on the back of a letter, amused them very much.

"The Madonna with the Siskin" is a typical Durer painting and is thus described: "The fair hair of the Madonna is drawn tightly around the head and a mass of crimped curls spread over the right shoulder. The cushion on which the Saviour sits is laced and tasseled. He tolds a baby soother in his right hand and the siskin (a bird) is perched on his forearm, and wreath-bearing angels hover above." Truly a modern picture in some respects.

Durer's most celebrated etching is "The Great Canova" and his type of the head of Christ crowned with thorns, majestic even in suffering, a woodcut which did not appear until after Durer's death, has remained typical ever since.

The great German artist died at the age of fifty-seven and was buried in the Frey family vault in Nuremberg. Durer was not only an artist, for he wrote articles on gymnastics and music; he was an upholder of purity and good morals and himself set a good example to others.

PHYLACTERIES

Our Jewish friends when at prayer wear curious little cases, known as phylactries, strapped to their foreheads and arms. They contain certain verses from the Old Testament written in very small Hebrew charcters on parchment. These are tightly packed with hair from one of the clean animals mentioned in the Book of Deuteronomy, Chapter XIV, verses 4 to 6. The box is the placed on three thicknesses of leather, the whole being stitched together with twelve stitches, to represent the twelve tribes of Israel.

The phylactries are strapped to the forehead and the left arm so as to be near the heart. All pious Jews of 13 and upwards wear these, and they consider by doing so they are fufilling the command in Dueteronomy VI, 6 to 8, "Thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thine hand, andthey shall be as frontlets between thine eyes."—My Magazine.

The doctor looked serious. "I'm afraid you must have a sea trip," he said "Do you think you can manage it?"

"Oh, yes, doctor," was the reply. "You see, I'm captain of a Transatlantic liner."

While the Kettle Sings . . . Try Some of These

BEEF KIDNEY SAUTE

One beef kidney, 3 tablespoons flour, 3 tablespoons butter, 1 small onion, sliced thin, 1-2 cup meat stock or bouillon, 1 cup diced boiled potatoes, 1-2 teaspoon salt, black pepper to taste, a dash of cayenne.

Pour boiling water over the beef kidney that has been cut into fine dice. Let stand about 5 minutes, then drain and dry on paper towelling or a clean cloth. Roll in the flour and seasonings and saute in the butter until light brown on all sides.

Add the thinly sliced onion and saute a few minutes longer. Add the stock and the potatoes, mix well and simmer until thick, about 5 minutes longer. Serve on circles of toasted bread or on toasted muffins. This makes a nice supper dish with a green salad, coffee and pie.

WHEN peas get cold, they get a crinkled appearance, but if you place them in a bowl of boiling water for a moment or two, this brings out the wrinkles and makes them look nice and fresh again.

* * *

Fish in shells decorated with green peas can look really delicious.

* * *

Beans can be used for salads, but as a decoration they are not a success.

* * *

So next time you are faced with a lot of left-overs, don't despair, remember what can be done, with a very little trouble.

VITAMINS

One of the most gratifying additions to the soup pot is the washed and finely shredded outer bruised green leaves from head lettuce.

These cook down and appear to be long cooked green cabbage shredded. You know those dark green leaves contain the valuable chlorophyll from the sun's rays that inner pale lettuce leaves never acquire—save it in your soup pot.

Five-Pound Umbrellas

THE first person to carry an umbrella through the streets of Philadelphia was a young doctor. He performed this brave deed five years before the Declaration of Independence was signed. His "shower stick" was of thick oiled linen, and the framework was of rattan sticks such as schoolmasters used to wield. Some other umbrellas of the period, with whalebone ribs, weighed five pounds.—Ex.

PUTTING LIFE INTO MUSIC

LYDIA LION ROBERTS

MUSIC lessons and their practice will be more interesting to a child if various associations are formed to stimulate attention. Parents may help in this development of interest by watching in magazines and newspapers for articles or pictures connected with music in almost any form. Stories about old instruments, musical ceremonies in other countries, the discovery and compilation of folk songs, customs connected with music, and modern inventions or achievements in musical fields will all help to make music a more vital part of a child's life, if the description or incident is told in words that the child can understand. To be of its greatest benefit to children, music must be made alive, dramatic with some other personal experience.

One mother made the home study of music more interesting by combining it with Bible stories during the bedtime story hour. She told her boys the story of David playing the harp to troubled Saul and then cited modern customs of resorting to music for spiritual, as well as physical, refreshment.

The story of the fall of Jericho was used to illustrate a talk on trumpets and other brass instruments used by bands and orchestras. By looking in the Bible concordance for references, the children found verses mentioning the harp, trumpet, cymbal, viol, psaltery, pipe and several other instruments.

These verses gave them a clearer idea of life in those days of long ago. They better understood the distant background of music when they read "harp and pipe are in their feasts", and they "played upon an instrument of ten strings". It was illuminating to learn that at many gatherings the people sang and danced and "made music together", then, as we do now.

One little girl who was very fond of singing but not as interested in practicing her piano lessons became alert and interested in all music as a happy adventure when she learned how many times the word "sing" or "song" is used in the Bible.

"I didn't know people in the Bible ever sang," she said in suprise. "Have people always sung? Do they sing now in every land in the world?

She was encouraged then to start on a long happy trail of exploring the music and songs of many countries and many ages. These were worked in naturally with her music lessons. Especially was she proud and pleased when her teacher taught her to play a simple accompaniment to a psalm which her mother was to sing.

(Issued by the National Kindergarten Association 8 West 40th St. New York City, U.S.A.)

DON'T BE CAUGHT

DO you catch a cold? No, the cold actually catches you, the Maryland Department of Health warns its Bulletin readers. When you are not up to the mark physically you are more apt to be caught by the common cold germ. Here are a few pointers:

1. Keep yourself as physically fit as possible. Eat nourishing food. Have your meals at regular times. Avoid rich indigestible combinations, and include plenty of milk, other dairy products and fruit in your diet. Remember to drink plenty of water—several glasses during the day, every day.

2. Dress according to the weather. Avoid sudden chilling Don't expose yourself unnecessarily to draughts. Don't sit around in wet clothing; if you are caught in a downpour, change to dry clothing as soon as possible.

3. Take some outdoor exercise every day. Be out in the sunlight as much as possible. If you have a job that keeps you indoors most of the day, you will find it pays to spend a few minutes two or three times a day at an open window, flushing your lungs with fresh air.

4. Get plenty of sleep. Have a good time, but don't have it too strenuously. Strike a balance between work and play.

5. Colds are spread by the discharges from the nose and throat. Every time the victim of a cold has a coughing spell, germ-laden droplets of mucous are brought to the surface and spread around. Don't mingle unnecessarily with persons who have colds.

6. Don't use a common drinking cup. Have your own towel and wash cloth. Always wash your hands before eating. The careless cougher or sneezer sprays his germs all around the place and leaves them on everything he touches.

7. If you happen to be overtaken by a cold, show as much consideration for your neighbor as you would like him to show to you. Don't be a transmitter. Sneeze or cough into your handkerchief. Use paper handkerchiefs that can be burned or otherwise disposed of. The quickest way to get rid of a cold is to go to bed; eat very lightly and drink plenty of water. At the first indication of fever send for your doctor, and then follow his advice.

Northern Messenger

Montreal, February 1, 1941.

FORWARD!
BY THE WILL OF GOD

THE WILL TO LIVE, THE WILL TO BE FREE is instinct in man. And President Roosevelt in his inspired inaugural address, of his third term of office, mobilized and focussed that will of the American people and pledged it to the winning of the war—pledged it to "the march of mankind clearly and surely along the high roads of human progress" and "cooperation between the United States and the British Empire in the task of extirpating the spirit and regime of totalitarian intolerance, wherever it may be found."

THE FORCE OF ENLIGHTENED WILL

EARLIER in his history-making message he had said:

"The life of a nation is the fullness of the measure of its will to live. . . . I hope a better understanding that life's ideals are to be measured in other than material things. . . . Democracy is not dying . . . because democracy alone, of all forms of government, enlists the full force of men's *enlightened will* . . . capable of infinite progress in the improvement of human life.

THE GREAT QUEST

Those who first came here (to America) to carry out the longings of their spirit, and the millions who followed, and the stock that sprang from them—all have moved forward constantly and consistently toward an ideal which in itself has gained stature and clarity with each generation.

The hopes of the republic cannot forever tolerate either undeserved poverty or self-serving wealth.

We know that we still have far to go; that we must more greatly build the security and the opportunity and the knowledge of every citizen, in the measure justified by the resources and the capacity of the land.

But it is not enough to achieve these purposes alone. It is not enough to clothe and feed the body of this nation, and instruct and inform its mind. For there is also the spirit. And of the three, the greatest is the spirit.

Without the body, and the mind, as all men know, the nation could not live.

But if the spirit of America were killed, even though the nation's body and mind, constricted in an alien world, lived on, the America we know would have perished.

SACRED FIRE

If you and if we in this later day, lose that sacred fire—if we let it be smothered with doubt and fear—then we shall reject the destiny which Washington strove so valiantly and so triumphantly to establish. The preservation of the spirit and the faith of the nation does, and will, furnish the justification of every sacrifice that we may make in the cause of national defence.

In the face of great perils never before encountered, our strong purpose is to protect and to perpetuate the integrity of democracy. For this we muster the spirit of America, and the faith of America.

We do not retreat. We are not content to stand still. As Americans we go forward, in the service of our country, by the will of God.

* * *

Note the words "enlightened will." Ignorant superstition, pride and prejudice and hate and fear can also be enlisted to fight blindly and desperately. But lacking the backing of understood truth the ignorant will lacks true vitality.

That is why your Editors are bringing to you the great messages of the time that you too may have that conquering, *enlightened will.*

But behind knowledge there must be faith in God and obedience to His Will. We know by experience that faith becomes vital and grows with obedience. We wonder if there can be real faith without obedience.

OUR APPRENTICE ADDS A SUGGESTION

> *And if any man . . . will take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also. And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain.*

SO said our Lord regarding the custom of the Roman soldiers of His day to make any civilian carry their kit, or otherwise serve them.

So, if our war-government tax us to maintain the Forces, that they in turn may preserve our freedom and the democratic principle throughout the world, let us do something voluntarily above taxation. Thus will we demonstrate our will in the matter and lift ourselves above any interpretation of dictation.

Our voluntary part may be in War Savings Stamps which, in effect, are a loan to the Government that it may more effectively prosecute the war—and that our chicks, so to say it, may come back to our roost in seven years as good fat fowl.

But why should the Government not issue "Flag of Victory" stickers (after the fashion of the Tuberculosis League stickers) that we could buy at a dollar a hundred, to place on letters and otherwise. We do not all have flags and flag poles but we could all continuously raise "Flags of Victory" in that way. So would we be doing something more than submitting to compulsory taxation, as imposed not against our will but by our own chosen Government, chosen to win the war.

Our printer apprentice suggests that the Government make miniature stickers of the "FORWARD TO VICTORY" poster series. These could be issued in sheets all for the Navy, all for the Army or all for the Air Force, so that people could use the sticker of the Force they were most interested in. Or the sheets could be composed of sets, one of each kind in a row, so that people could use them in equal rotation, or give a broadside charge of all the stickers against the foe. Hear, hear! Why not?

THE DOLLAR DOWN FOR FREEDOM

THE insurance policy of Freedom and good government of the people, by the people, for the people may be had today on the instalment plan. That eases the burden to a minimum of difficulty. Of course those who are able to pay it all immediately it is due will gladly do so. The fact is, the sooner and the more willingly each does his bit, the earlier will victory be achieved. One word more. The finer the objective and the greater the general gain the more willing will we each and all stand the greater taxation.

But the greater the taxation on the shoulders of the citizen, the greater the crime of exploiting the crisis for personal or class gain. Surely when the nation is being so sorely burdened, more especially when our young men are giving their lives for their country's security, no one will want to profiteer behind their backs. But if any such there be let him be pilloried as a sneak and penalized by compelling him to pay to the government several

times his excess profits. Corporations that do that should not only bear the like penalties but should be treated as conspiracies to defraud the public.

Meantime percentages charged by contracting firms to meet unforeseen contingencies should be banked with the Bank of Canada to be refunded to the extent the contingency materializes and warrants such refund.

Let there be no enrichment, by scheme or chance, out of the sufferings of the people.

We recall the fine gesture that Eaton's of Toronto made recently in voluntarily sending a cheque of about forty thousand dollars, if we remember rightly, to the government, saying it represented the profit on a certain government munitions contract. Let us hope others will follow Eaton's lead.

Eskimos Help

ESKIMO boys and girls living in the Aklavik district, near the mouth of the Mackenzie River, have sent $80 to headquarters of the Church of England Women's Auxiliary in Toronto for work among refugeec.

The money was raised through the sale of hand-made goods.—C. P.

Uncle Jed was so lazy he never put off today what he could wait and put off tomorrow!

I CARE

GRENFELL LABRADOR MEDICAL MISSION NORTHERN MESSENGER/LAUNCH FUND

Further Contributions	$20.50
Mrs. Kate Preston, Sask.	.21
Mrs. Andrew Johnston, Sr., P.E.I.	5.00
"A Friend", Cowansville, P.Q.	1.00
Russell Ian & Bruce Dow, Ont.	1.50
Mrs. M. McCrae, Alta.	.20
Mrs Clara MacKenzie, P. E. I.	1.00
Miss Isabella Taylor, Ont.	1.70
Mrs Charles Burpee, N. B.	1.90
Miss T. Jamieson, Alta.	1.00
"S. & J. P." Westwold, B.C.	2.00
Total	36.01

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Mrs. Charlotte Nichol, N.S.	$3.50
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The Man Behind Columbus

By WALTER K. PUTNEY

FEW who have read the stories of Columbus and the discovery of America realize that behind his great deed of exploration stood a man whose influence was almost entirely responsible for the persistence and success of Columbus. That man was an old sea captain named Palestrello.

After receiving an exceptionally fine education for a youth of those early times, Columbus went to sea to study maritime geography and to make further observations in astronomy, a study which he liked exceedingly well. He became a maker of maps and charts and caused many changes to be made on old ones. After a few years, he went to Lisbon for further study, for that city, in Portugal, was the centre of commerce, maritime activity and study. There he worked hard at map making and more studying and made it a point to get into contact with men who had sailed all over the known world.

There were men who had been with the noted Prince Henry, perhaps the most famous navigator of the 15th century; there were others who had sailed on voyages of discovery and there were still others who had retired from the sea and were engaged in business. From many sources he secured much information about the seas and oceans where he had not been fortunate enough to go.

Among those acquaintances was a captain who became intensely interested in the map and chart work of Columbus. He encouraged the latter to come to his home and look over charts and maps that he had made—fine ones of places which he had visited with the ships he commanded.

Together Columbus and Palestrello spent hours studying and working together. Captain Palestrello was interested in his own country and he told Columbus that the day must come when the Portuguese ships would sail by another route, to India, to get the trade away from Italy, the latter country having, at that time, what we would call a monopoly on the spice and silk trade from the Orient.

He told Columbus that, if he were a younger man, he would venture westward, for he believed that India lay in that direction and that a much shorter route could be found.

* * *

ASTRONOMERS said the world was round. Mariners had accepted their theories, but nobody supposed the earth was half as large as it is and Palestrello and Columbus figured, by charts and maps, that India must lie between fifteen hundred and two thousand miles away to the west. What had balked ventures in that direction had been the tales and superstitions about the Atlantic Ocean, known to ancient people as the Sea of Darkness. Sailors were afraid to go beyond the Azores.

With the study of maps and charts, Palestrello and Columbus delved deep into records and accounts of trips to various island ports—the Azores, Madeira and others—and learned that many strange things had occurred. The sea had washed in to shore curiously carved woods, sea-weeds, paddles and even a broken canoe that came from some land unknown to mariners of that time. Bodies of coppery-skinned men had also been found and such people were utter strangers to experienced navigators and scientists.

So it was that Columbus, with that old sea captain helping him, learned new facts month after month, until finally, convinced that his friend was right, he took up the project of discovering the new route to India.

History tells us little of Palestrello. It says that Columbus married his daughter and came into possession of her father's maps and charts; but would Columbus have been so persistent and turned apparent defeat into a glorious victory for himself and Spain if he had not been so fired by Palestrello?

Billie was reading a book. "It says here that the villian has sharply-cut features," he remarked to his elder brother. "What does that mean?"

"Oh," said Big Brother, at a loss for the correct reply, "it means that he shaves himself."

SUNDAY SCHOOL OFFICERS KINDLY NOTICE

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